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12 / AN EVENING ADDRESS TO

A N
EVENING ADDRESS

T O A
NIGHTINGALE.

Ultima tu nostris accedis Causa Querelis! OVID: A

A lovely babe, that thou'lt have liv'd to bless
And fill my doating eye with frequent tears
SWEET Bird! that kindly perching near,
Poure'st thy plaints melodious in mine ear,
Not, like base worldlings, tutor'd to forego
The melancholly haunts of Woe,
Thanks for thy sorrow-soothing strain: —
For surely, thou hast known to prove,
Like me, the pangs of hapless love,
Else why so feelingly complain,
And with thy piteous notes thus sadden all the Grove?

D.

II.

Luft

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II.

Say, dost thou mourn thy ravish'd mate,

That oft enamour'd on thy strains has hung?

Or has the cruel hand of fate

Bereft thee of thy darling young?

Alas, for BOTH, I weep —

In all the pride of youthful charms,

A beauteous bride torn from my circling arms!

A lovely babe, that shou'd have liv'd to bless,

And fill my doating eyes with frequent tears,

At once the source of rapture and distress,

The flattering prop of my declining years!

In vain from death to rescue I essay'd,

By ev'ry art that science cou'd devise,

Alas! it languish'd for a mother's aid,

And wing'd it's flight to seek her in the skies —

Then

Then O our comforts be the same,
 At evening's peaceful hour,
 To shun the noisy paths of wealth and fame,
 And breathe our sorrows in this lonely bow'r.

III.

But why alas ! to thee complain !
 To thee — unconscious of my pain !
 Soon shalt THOU cease to mourn thy lot severe,
 And hail the dawning of a happier year :
 The genial warmth of joy-renewing spring
 Again shall plume thy shatter'd wing ;
 Again thy little heart shall transport prove,
 Again shall flow thy notes responsive to thy love :
 But O for ME in vain may seasons roll,
 Nought can dry up the fountain of my tears,
 Deploring still the COMFORT OF MY SOUL,
 I count my sorrows by encreasing years.

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IV.

Tell me, thou syren Hope, deceiver say,

Where is the promis'd period of my woes?

Full three long, lingering years have roll'd away,

And yet I weep, a stranger to repose:

O what delusion did thy tongue employ!

" That EMMA's fatal pledge of love,

" Her last bequest — with all a mother's care,

" The bitterness of sorrow shou'd remove,

" Soften the horrors of despair,

" And cheer a heart long lost to joy!"

How oft, when fondling in mine arms,

Gazing enraptur'd on its angel-face,

My soul the maze of fate wou'd vainly trace,

And burn with all a father's fond alarms!

And O what flattering scenes had fancy feign'd,

How did I rave of blessings yet in store?

Till ev'ry aching sense was sweetly pain'd,

And my full heart cou'd bear, nor tongue cou'd utter

more. —

V.

V.

- “ Just Heav’n, I cry’d” — with recent hopes elate,
 “ Yet I will live — will live, tho’ EMMA’s dead —
 “ So long bow’d down beneath the storms of fate,
 “ Yet will I raise my woe-dejected head!
 “ My *little* EMMA, now my *ALL*,
 “ Will want a father’s care,
 “ Her looks, her wants my rash resolves recal,
 “ And for her sake the ills of life I’ll bear:
 “ And oft together we’ll complain,
 “ Complaint, the only bliss my soul can know,
 “ From me, my child shall learn the mournful strain,
 “ And prattle tales of woe:
 “ And O in that auspicious hour,
 “ When fate resigns her persecuting pow’r,
 “ With duteous zeal her hand shall close,
 “ No more to weep — my sorrow-streaming eyes,
 “ When death gives misery repose,
 “ And opes a glorious passage to the skies.



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VI.

Vain thought! it must not be — She too is dead —

The flattering scene is o'er —

My hopes for ever — ever fled —

And vengeance can no more —

Crush'd by misfortune — blasted by disease —

And none — none left, to bear a friendly part!

To meditate my welfare, health or ease,

Or sooth the anguish of an aching heart!

Now all one gloomy scene, till welcome Death,

With lenient hand (O falsely deem'd severe!)

Shall kindly stop my grief-exhausted breath,

And dry up ev'ry tear:

Perhaps, obsequious to my will,

But ah! from my affections far remov'd!

The last sad office strangers may fulfil,

As if I ne'er had been lov'd;

VII.

As if unconscious of poetic fire,
I ne'er had touch'd the trembling lyre,
As if my niggard hand ne'er dealt relief,
Nor my heart melted at another's grief.

VII.

Yet — while this weary life shall last,
While yet my tongue can form th' impassion'd strain,
In piteous accents shall the Muse complain,
And dwell with fond delay on blessings past :
For O how grateful to a wounded heart,
The tale of misery t' impart !
From others' eyes bid artless sorrows flow,
And raise esteem upon the base of woe !
Ev'n *HE, the noblest of the tuneful throng,
Shall deign my love-lorn tale to hear,
Shall catch the soft contagion of my song,
And pay my pensive Muse the tribute of a tear.

* See the Dedication.

A NIGHTINGALE

As if unconscious of poetic fire,
I ne'er had touch'd the trembling lyre,
As if my niggard hand ne'er dealt relief,
Nor my heart melted at another's grief.

VII.

Yet — while this weary life shall last,
While yet my tongue can form an inoffensive strain,
In piteous accents shall the Muse complain,
And dwell with fond delay on blessings past:
For O how grateful to a wounded heart,
The tale of misery's impact!
From others' eyes bid ailer's sorrows flow,
And raise esteem upon the base of woe!
Even * HE, the noblest of the tuneful throng,
Shall deign my love-lorn tale to hear,
Shall catch the soft contagion of my song,
And pay my penitive Muse the tribute of a tear.

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